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"Tom," said a man to his friend, a  
day or two since, "I think it highly dan-  
gerous to keep the bills of small banks  
on hand now-a-days."

Tom, answered the other, "I find it  
far more difficult than dangerous."

A young man married a wife whose  
only claim upon his regard was her per-  
sonal beauty. She said to him at the  
close of their quarrels—"You do not love me—you cannot look me in the  
face and say that you love me."

"You mistake me, my dear," cried he,  
"for it is only when I look you in the  
face that I can say that I love you."  
—Boston Herald.

"Is not gaining a great victory the  
most glorious thing in the world?" ob-  
served a lady to the Duke of Wellington  
at the time of the occupation of Paris by  
the allies. The Duke replied, it is the  
greatest of all calamities, except a de-  
feat. A memorable saying, and worthy  
the greatest man of this or any other  
age.

The difference between war and peace  
has been well defined by one of the an-  
cients. "In the time of peace the sons  
bury their fathers; in the time of war  
the fathers bury their sons."

# MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1837.

Number 13.

#### POETRY.

##### THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

BY O. W. HOLMES, M. D.

I'm not a chicken: I have seen  
Full many a chill September,  
And though I was a youngster then  
That gale I well remember;  
The day before my kite string snapped,  
And I my kite pursuing,  
The wind whisked off my palm leaf hat;  
For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
When married folks get clashing;  
There was a heavy sigh or two,  
Before the fire was flashing,—  
A little stir among the clouds,  
Before they rent asunder,  
A little rocking of the trees,  
And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled,  
And how the shingles rattled;  
And oaks were scattered on the ground,  
As if the Titans battled.  
And all above was in a howl,  
And all below a clatter,—  
The earth was like a frying-pan,  
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,  
And all our things were drying;  
The storm came roaring through the lines,  
And set them all a flying;  
I saw the shirts and petticoats  
Go riding off like witches;  
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,  
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,  
Alas! too late to win them;  
I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
The devil had been in them;  
They were my darling and my pride,  
My boyhood's only riches,—  
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—  
"My breeches! Oh my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
How changed from what I knew them!  
The dew had steeped their faded threads,  
The winds had whistled through them;  
I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
Where demon claws had torn them;  
A hole was in their amplest part,  
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
And tailors kind and clever,  
But those young pantaloons have gone  
For ever and forever!  
And not till fate has cut the last  
Of all my earthly stitches,  
This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### A STEAMBOAT CHACE.

The manner in which the steamboat  
races, which so frequently end in the  
dreadful destruction of human life, are  
conducted on the Western waters, is  
given in a late Peoria Register, and was  
written by Mr. Samuel H. Davis, who  
was in one of the boats.

"On Wednesday morning the 14th  
of April, the Captain of the Franklin  
stepped on board of the Philips, both  
boats being at Louisville, and, after the  
usual salutations, put his hand somewhat  
significantly to his neck. "What's the  
matter with your neck?" asked the  
captain of the Philips. "I strained it,"  
replied the other, "looking back for you  
the last run we made up."—"Well,"  
said Captain McClain, "if I can get  
enough freight for ballast, you shall  
strain it looking the other way to-day."  
Thus the challenge was given and ac-  
cepted. The thing took wind, and bets  
of \$100 to \$75 were made that the  
Franklin would beat the Philips one  
hour. The latter got no freight, and  
had to run under this disadvantage.

##### THE START.

The Franklin left port at 11 o'clock,  
with her usual complement of freight  
and passengers, and proceeded off in  
gallant style. The Philips left at 35  
minutes past 11, just as her challenger  
was passing Six Mile Island. She had  
no freight, but she had a good supply of  
pine knots, in addition to her stock of  
wood, which was, for the most part, dry  
beech, and excellent. The Franklin,  
being a daily passenger boat between  
Cincinnati and Louisville, of course con-  
tracts for and obtains the best wood on  
the river. The Philips had about thirty  
cabin, and the same number of deck  
passengers: among the latter was a bu-  
gler, who, from the hurricane deck, sent  
forth several stirring airs, as the boat  
shoved off and got under way. The  
effect seemed enchanting. Merchants,  
clerks, draymen, all dropped their pur-  
suits, and became gazers upon the scene.

##### OVERHAUL AT MADISON.

Though the Franklin was observed six  
miles ahead on our leaving port, yet,  
from the bends in the river, and the in-  
creasing smokiness of the atmosphere,  
she was soon lost sight of, and not seen  
again until we arrived near Madison, 50  
miles from Louisville. Here she had  
stopped ten minutes probably to deliver  
the mail, and was half a mile ahead as  
we passed the town. Thus we had  
gained at least twenty minutes upon her  
in the distance. Till this time, very few  
of the passengers knew of the race. The  
sight of the Franklin, the swiftest

boat on the Western waters; the fact  
that she was six miles ahead on our  
leaving Louisville, and that we were now  
within hail, produced a belief in the  
minds of all that we could beat her, and  
made us disposed to try.

##### PASS AT WARSAW.

The boats kept about the same dis-  
tance from each other for the next thirty  
miles, to Warsaw, where the Franklin  
was compelled to touch to deliver the  
mail. The Philips shot ahead, and ob-  
tained five or six lengths, when the  
Franklin was off again, under a high  
head of steam. She gained upon the  
Philips "Mightily." Then the contes-  
tation spread through every soul on board.  
"Go ahead captain—keep her in the  
wake—hoza for the Philips!" was in  
every mouth. Nothing could exceed  
the spirit of the firemen and deck hands.  
The hatches were thrown open; pine  
knots covered the deck, and two or three  
axes kept going in splitting and break-  
ing them; deck passengers were huddled  
into the bow, to give the boat more  
dip; the chain wagons were hauled from  
one side to the other, as she careened;  
volumes of lurid flame issued from the  
tops of the chimneys, while dense clouds  
of black smoke filled the atmosphere  
over us. It was plain that no less ex-  
citement prevailed on board the Frank-  
lin. Thus far she had been queen of  
the waters. Would she see herself  
eclipsed without a mighty effort? The  
way that both boats went "was a cau-  
tion."

##### RISE OF SUN.

The relative distance between the two  
boats was but little altered for twelve or  
fifteen miles from Warsaw. The  
Franklin would sometimes leave our  
wake by putting her head to the right or  
left, and attempting to get in a line with  
us. After repeated failures she at last  
succeeded a few miles below Rising Sun.  
This is twenty miles from Warsaw.  
From its high banks a fine view is had  
of the river below. The citizens saw  
the boats approaching, and lined the  
banks as we passed them. In passing,  
the two boats were "neck and neck" and  
we were saluted with loud and continued  
cheers. No response was sent  
back from either boat; not a sound was  
heard save the sonorous breathings of the  
scape pipes and the whirl of the water  
wheels. The right to respond belonged  
only to the victor, and that distinction  
was yet to be won.

##### ALARM OF THE LADIES.

A few miles above Rising Sun, the  
boats which till now had been abreast,  
and from ten to fifty feet apart, struck  
each other with a slight concussion.—  
The ladies, of whom there was twelve  
or fifteen on board the Philips, became  
alarmed, and besought their husbands to  
interfere. While this consternation pre-  
vailed in the ladies' cabin and state  
rooms, a different scene was witnessed  
without, the two boats seemed to be  
lashed together, the officers of each shak-  
ing hands across the railings, and the  
firemen and crew looking defiance. As  
the passengers stepped out on the guards  
on either side, they were promptly or-  
dered back, that the boats might be kept  
in trim, the Philips especially, being so  
light that the weight of four or five men  
would career her over like a canoe.  
The highest excitement prevailed. The  
Franklin no longer regarded the delivery  
of the mail, and had Mr. Kendall's pen-  
alty been tenfold greater, it would not  
have weighed a feather. The river in  
front of the boats, from the light of the  
furnaces, seemed a sheet of fire, while  
the sky continued over clouded with the  
dense volumes of smoke which poured  
forth from the chimneys. Sometimes  
the Franklin would shoot ahead. Our  
very breaths were held in suspense.  
Then would the Philips recover her  
ground, and pass her adversary an equal  
distance. The cheers which had been  
sent forth a minute before were now re-  
turned with hearty good-will, and a de-  
termination to triumph, mixed with  
many horrid imprecations, was belched  
forth by the crews of both vessels. In  
passing Petersburg, the boats again  
struck with a more violent concussion  
than before; the alarm of the ladies in-  
creased, the Captain of the Philips was  
besought to desist, and assured that the  
ladies in question, from their constitu-  
tional nervousness, could not survive the  
excitement. Capt. McClain yielded to  
their importunities, and, in passing the  
point above the town just named, bore  
away and left the channel to the Frank-  
lin, while a hearty cheer, followed by a  
gun, resounded from the latter. On  
board the Franklin it is said the ladies  
were even more alarmed. Camphor,  
ammonia, and all the restoratives on  
board, flew round in profusion, until the  
cabin resembled a chemical laboratory.

##### ARRIVAL AT CINCINNATI.

The Philips fell in the rear of the  
Franklin as above related, twenty-five  
miles below Cincinnati. She maintained  
her distance to port, and came in three  
lengths astern, at ten minutes past one,  
having performed the run in thirteen  
hours and thirty-five minutes—150 miles.

"With what ease he writes!" said a  
young lady as she laid down one of  
Washington Irving's volumes. Straight-  
way we made up our mind that the  
young lady did not know what she was  
talking about. Had she said "how easy  
it is to read his works," we could have  
sympathized with her amazingly. Then  
finding we could not make a satisfactory  
reply without compromising our honest-  
y, we fell to making a comparison in  
silence. The steamboat glides majes-  
tically and gracefully through the wa-  
ters, but it is no easy power that gives  
to the water-traveller her steady and  
rapid motion. It is true she is tastily  
gilded and painted; her cabins are plea-  
sant, and her prow is decorated with  
specimens of the sculptor's art. But de-  
scend with the engineer to his fiery do-  
main; see the heated grease, and listen to  
the bursting steam; see the tremendous  
power of fire and water combined, until  
the strained & threatening boiler threat-  
ens to burst asunder, and deluge the  
decks with heated fluid. You will per-  
ceive the *Ease*, although a mild and plea-  
sant damsel, has a confounded rough old  
father. Little dreamed the admirer of  
Irving how much agonizing toil was re-  
quired to beget that ease, which she so  
much delighted in. Yet she was not a-  
lone in that error. How many a pub-  
lisher thus lightly estimates the labor of  
his weary author! How many a trades-  
man smiles at the trifling employment of  
the man of genius! We have been mad  
enough to eat an oyster supper, when  
we have heard the peasant draw an in-  
vidious comparison between himself and  
the poor wight whose intellect supplies  
him with bread. "I get my living by the  
sweat of the brow," said he, "while you  
are trifling away your time with books  
and papers."

Yes, see that pale and hungry being  
startled from his task by the sound of the  
midnight bell. See how his fingers  
grasp the pen convulsively, as he fears  
his task will not be accomplished in time  
—a slave to men whose pockets are bet-  
ter lined than their pericraniums, and  
who mete out to him his starveling pit-  
tance with the unwilling hand of an up-  
per servant dealing out cold pancakes  
and sausage ends to a beggar. See him  
place his hands upon his snapping brain,  
as the firs of fancy dart from Apollo's  
mount upon his withering soul. Yes,  
"how easy he writes."—*Eglantine.*

In the words of a modern author we  
lately met with the following sentiment.  
"I have always found it an invariable  
fact that when a man has amused us  
without gaining our esteem, and pleased  
without winning our confidence, there is  
something naturally bad at the bottom of  
his character—which we should do well  
to avoid."

PAPER SECURITY.—A FACT. A Gentle-  
man to whom application was made  
for a loan of money with an offer of se-  
curity, enquired of the applicant what  
kind of security he could give, and being  
answered, that he had some very good  
PAPER, told him to bring the paper and  
let him look at it. The applicant de-  
parted and in a short time returned, accom-  
panied with two carts loaded with very  
good wrapping paper.—*Balt. Pat.*

BODILY SIRENTH.—A friend of ours  
says he is growing weaker and weaker  
every day. He has got so now that he  
can't raise five dollars.—*Barnst. Pat.*

"SOLITUDE SWEETENED."—On Mon-  
day last a hoghead of Molasses was  
staved in at one end, on a boat at Le-  
high, and the whole of it went to sweet-  
en the waters. It is said that sixteen  
miles down the Delaware, the shad were  
seen leaping out of the waves, complet-  
ely fuddled with this Yankee switchell.—  
*Eastern Dem.*

We were pleased, says the Green River,  
Ky. Union, to hear by a gentleman,  
a few days from Nashville, that, on a  
visit to the Hermitage, he found our  
venerable ex-president in a state of health  
so much improved, as to admit of his at-  
tending to the business of his plantation,  
and of discoursing at length, in his usual  
sound, lucid and eloquent manner,  
relative to the republican institutions of  
our country, and the engrossing political  
topics of the day.

The Boston Post says the following  
anecdote is true to the letter: A laborer  
stepped into a lawyer's office, and said  
"please your worship, I have wor't two  
days for Mr. C. a stevedore, at \$1.50  
per day; I went to him for my pay, he  
told me to go to the devil, so I come, your  
worship, to see what you would be after  
doing for me."

UNSENTIMENTAL.—Ladies, when they  
come "Shopping" from the neighboring  
towns, need not feed their babies in  
the dry goods stores of Northampton.—  
"It's unsentimental," says the North-  
ampton Courier.

#### EDUCATION.

##### From the Common School Assistant. STUDY OF HISTORY IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

The American youth have sadly neg-  
lected the history of their country. I  
know of nothing so easily acquired, so  
highly important, so useful to all, and at  
the same time so thrilling in interest,  
concerning which the American people  
manifest so much ignorance. Many of  
those who have had the higher privileges  
of education are familiar with the his-  
tories of the nations of antiquity; they  
are well acquainted with the histories of  
the more distinguished nations of the  
present day; and yet almost entirely ig-  
norant of the history of their own people  
and country.

Histories which are purchased and  
read are not those of our forefathers:—  
but of foreign, remote nations, or of those  
who are now gone from the earth. We  
turn our attention to the doings and say-  
ings of other nations, as if there was  
nothing instructing or interesting in our  
origin, and greatness. How seldom do  
we meet with men, even among the bet-  
ter informed, who are able to rehearse  
their country's deeds, or to call the  
names of those who toiled and bled for  
their country's liberty! This is not the  
tribute we owe to those who bled for  
our blessings.

The youth of this free and independ-  
ent government should prize the Ameri-  
can history as the great register of civil  
rights and noble deeds. They should  
embalm it upon their memory, and be  
ready, at all times, to repeat the story of  
their liberties. No lessons are more  
useful than those we learn from history.  
They are counsels from the experience  
of nations. The light that history sheds  
upon time now gone, illumines the time  
that yet is to come. It is the great tel-  
escop through which we may see the  
future.

Then, who is so well prepared to fore-  
see his country's destiny, or labor for  
his country's good, as that man who has  
been taught by his country's history? What  
man can value his nation's liberty  
and prosperity, except he has read their  
cost? Yet, how few of those who are  
now our country's hope, and soon will  
be her men and rulers, who know any  
thing of her history! There is scarcely  
a primary school where it is taught, and  
but few of the higher schools make it  
an important study! This should  
not be so. The history of the United  
States should be taught at home, at  
school, and in conversation by the way-  
side. Every member of society, every  
citizen of this commonwealth, should be  
intimately acquainted with every bright  
example, or important event in our his-  
tory. These should be the themes of  
our highest eloquence, and to them we  
should ever appeal. What is there of  
more interest to the American youth  
than the first settlement of this great con-  
tinent?

Where did those bold spirits come  
from, and what was their after history?  
Who did they find here, and what has  
been the friendship, or enmity, between  
the native and the European? What  
was the character of the first settlers of  
this new world, and what government  
did they live under for a time? Is the  
government the same now, and if not,  
when was the change, and what were  
the causes? What were the consequen-  
ces of refusing to obey the government  
of others, and declaring ourselves an in-  
dependent people?

Who were the great men foremost in  
this noble work? How many did we  
number when we fought for our liberty?  
Who suffered and died for freedom?  
How long were we in achieving our in-  
dependence? Who assisted us? How  
much was the nation in debt at that time?  
Who were the great leaders in the strug-  
gle for liberty? How have they been  
honored? What distinguished men  
have lived since? What has been our  
increase and prosperity? What chan-  
ges are we making on this continent?

How are we regarded by other nations,  
and what are our prospects?

Who is there that enjoys the boun-  
ties of this land and the blessings of its lib-  
erty, that does not want to answer these  
questions, and many others like them?  
What youth is willing to step into man-  
hood, ignorant of this wise and deeply  
interesting volume, which our history  
presents? The history of the United  
States should be taught in every district  
school; and it should always be studied  
with a map. Historical information will  
give interest to places, and lend a charm  
to geography.

A knowledge of history will tell us  
how others have lived, and enable us to  
compare ourselves with the past, and  
prepare ourselves for the future. The  
civil history of the United States should  
be made a study, likewise, in all our  
elementary schools, as well as in acad-  
emies and colleges. This is a very im-  
portant part of education. The consti-  
tution of the United States should be fa-  
miliar to every American youth.

#### RELIGIOUS.

THE PRINTERS' SABBATH.—The propri-  
etors of the Globe intend in future to  
make Sunday a day of rest to all enga-  
ged in the publication of their paper. In  
common with all the city papers, the  
Globe has hitherto been printed on the  
night before its appearance. Of course,  
the work on the Monday morning's pa-  
per is always executed on the preceding  
Sunday. This has ever been exceed-  
ingly disagreeable to all connected with the  
establishment, and is not excusable on  
the plea of necessity. By printing each  
paper on the same night of the day on  
which it bears date, the whole wrong is  
remedied, but it has heretofore been the  
practice with us, as it was with the in-  
telligencer & others, to print one day and  
date the next. Thus Tuesday's paper on  
Monday night, and so on; Saturday's on  
Friday night, and Monday's on Sunday  
night—and in this way the Jewish in-  
stead of the Christian Sabbath has be-  
come the *Printer's Sabbath*. We shall  
hereafter give our paper its proper date,  
and join our countrymen in keeping the  
day of rest as recognized by our institu-  
tions.—*Wash. Globe.*

ANECDOTE.—A Christian whom, God  
had prospered in his outward estate, and  
who lived in ease and plenty on his farm,  
suffered the world to encroach much on  
his affections, and sensibly to diminish  
the ardor of his piety. The disease was  
dangerous, and the Lord adopted severe  
measures for its cure. First his wife  
was removed by death, but he still re-  
mained worldly minded; then a beloved  
son; but although the remedy operated  
favorably, it did not effect a cure. Then  
his crops failed, and his cattle died; still  
his grasp on the world was unloosed.  
Then God touched his person, and  
brought on him a fatal and lingering dis-  
ease. The world however, occupied  
still too much of his thoughts. His house  
finally took fire, and as he was carried  
out of the burning building, he exclaimed  
"Blessed be God, I am cured at last." He  
shortly after died happy in anticipa-  
tion of heavenly inheritance.

How many professing Christians of the  
present day are deeply infected with this  
dangerous disease? If they are Chris-  
tians, indeed, God will adopt some such  
method of cure as the foregoing; and if  
no such remedies are applied, the pre-  
sumption will be strong, that so far from  
being children of God, they will be left  
to die accursed, as idolaters of the world.  
—*Presbyterian*

MORAL OBLIGATIONS.—A writer at  
Mexico says,—

"You Americans know not, my dear  
sir, how to appreciate the institutions of  
your happy country—her religious and  
moral obligations are unknown."

Probably the good order in New-Eng-  
land, would be grateful to those suffering  
the ills here specified,—even if they had  
to purchase it at the expense of enduring  
the bigotry that reigns among us, and the  
Sabbath that in the estimation of some  
casts its gloomy shadow over this part of  
the world. A short residence in Mex-  
ico might serve better than argument, to  
convince those dissatisfied with our in-  
stitutions, that it is not overwise to rail  
at the Pilgrims, and to sneer at 'Connet-  
icut Blue Laws.' 'Neither do men gath-  
er grapes from thorns, nor figs of thistles.'  
—*Conn Obs.*

FACTS FOR PRESBYTERIANS.—Under  
this head, a communication is published  
in the Alton Observer of the 6th inst.  
in which it is stated, that, within a por-  
tion of Missouri, equal in size to five of  
the New England states, there are but  
four Presbyterian preachers. This fact  
is noticed in that paper as a matter of  
regret and surprise, if not of censure;  
that so much backwardness should be  
manifested among the clergy of that re-  
spectable church, to preach the gospel to  
all people. It cannot be for the want  
of ministers altogether, for, in the Pres-  
byterian as in the Methodist church,  
many ministers are out of all regular,  
pastoral employment. O God! what  
an awful reckoning there will be, in the  
great day, between secular ministers  
and the Judge of quick and dead!—*N. Y. Evang.*

JAMAICA.—We perceive from Jama-  
ica papers that a city Mission, has been  
established in the capital of that island.  
The constitution of this society is the  
same as that of the London City Mission,  
whose plans of proceeding it seems to  
have adopted, without any alteration but  
such as the difference of place required.  
We observe amongst the names of the  
managers those of Episcopal clergymen  
and missionaries of several denomina-  
tions. The Wesleyans of London are  
not connected with the London City  
Mission; But those of Jamaica are with  
the Kingston City Mission.

IMPIETY.—Burns used to say that he had  
no idea of that kind of courage which  
consisted in braving Heaven. It may be  
doubted whether there is, any courage  
at all in impiety. Men have been known  
to make frequent use of blasphemies who  
possess scarcely a spark of personal cour-  
age; while many of the bravest men  
on record were remarkable for the re-  
spect with which they always spoke of  
the Supreme Being. We might carry the  
matter further, and say that religion is  
the foundation of true courage.—*Boston Herald.*